

T H E

MERRY-THOUGHT:

O R, T H E

Glas-Window and Bög-Houfe MISCELLANY.

Taken from

The Original Manuscripts written in *Diamond* by
Persons of the first Rank and Figure in *Great
Britain*; relating to Love, Matrimony, Drun-
kenness, Sobriety, Ranting, Scandal, Politicks,
Gaming, and many other Subjects, *Serious* and
Comical.

Faithfully Transcribed from the Drinking-Glassess and
Windows in the several noted *Taverns, Inns,* and
other *Publick Places* in this Nation.

Published by HURLO THRUMBO.

Gameyorum, Wildum, Gorum,
Gameyorum a Gamy,
Flumarum a Flumarum,
A Rigdum Bollarum
A Rigdum, for a little Gamy.

Bethlehem-Wall, Moor-Fields.

P A R T IV.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*; and sold by
the Booksellers in Town and Country. (Price 6 d.)

N. B. There being a great Number of these Pieces of Wit and Humour at most Places of publick Resort in this Kingdom, it is hoped that all, who are pleased with, or willing to promote this Design, will be so good as to collect and send them to the Publisher hereof. The Editor does not care how merry they are, provided they are not obscene.

T H E

MERRY-THOUGHT.

P A R T IV.

To the EDITOR of the Glass-
Window, &c. Miscellany.

Mr. B O G,

W H E R E Wit and Learning (as at present in this our Isle) so much abound, great Marvel it is to me, That so worthy a Compiler of other Men's Labours as yourself, should be put to the little mean Shifts of copying from such *Cacascriptores*, who have from *Hudibras*, *Tom Brown*, and others of the like Rank, their little Bits and Scraps, basely purloined, whereby you run a Risque of being deem'd yourself a Plagiarist: Nor is it less unbecoming the Dignity and Fidelity of your Undertaking, to supply the Want of Application and Diligence, by filling up your lifeless Pages with Musical Punctuations, as vile and unrelishing as ever echo'd from your own natural Bagpipe. Therefore, that you may the better be enabled these Indecencies equally to avoid, I send you the following *Collectanea Nasutula*: If you honour them, I shall honour your next Performance; if not, *Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum*.

From a Boghouse near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

The W I S H.

Oh! may our Senate, learn'd and great,
 (In order to perpetuate
 The tuneful Strains and witty Flights,
 Of him that Studies while he sh--ts)
 Decree all Landlords, thro' the Nation,
 Shall lay (on Pain of Flagellation
 In some meet Corner of their Dark Hole
 A cuspidated Piece of Charcoal;
 Or, where the Walls are cas'd with Wainscot,
 A Piece of Chalk with equal Pains cut;
 That those who labour at both Ends,
 To ease themselves, and serve their Friends,
 May not, reluctant, go from Sh--t,
 And leave no Relict of their Wit,
 For want of necessary Tools
 To impart the *Proles* of their Stools:
 Then *Cibber's* Odes, and *Tindal's* Sense,
Caleb and *Henley's* Eloquence,
Woolston, and all such learned *Sophi's*,
 Would be cut down in House-of-Office:
Oxford and *Cambridge* too would join
 Their Puns, to make the Boghouse shine
 Each learn'd Society would try all
 (From lowest Club, to that call'd Royal,
 To furnish something might improve
 Religion, Politicks, or Love:
 Grand *Keyber*, Gormogons, Free Masons,
 And *Heydeger*, with all his gay Sons,
 Would find to suit, with Lectures there,
 Their Intellectuals to a Hair:
Bodens might pick up Wit from thence, and lay
 The *Drama* of another Modish Play.

So wise a Law would doubtless tend
 To prove our Senate, Learning's Friend ;
 Whilst Trade, and such like fond Chimeras,
 Might wait more fit and leisure *Æra's*.

*From a Window at the Dolphin Inn in
 Southampton.*

The Wedding-Night past, says Sir *John* to his Mate,
 Faith Madam I'm bit (tho' I find it too late)
 By your d---n'd little Mouth, or else I'm a Whore's Son,
 For the Cross underneath's quite out of Proportion.
 Good Sir *John*, says my Lady, then under the Rose,
 I'm as bad bit as you, by your plaguy long Nose:
 You have not by half so much as I wanted,
 I've more than you want, yet y'are not contented.

From the Playhouse Boghouse.

Good Folks, sh--t and write, and mend honest Bog's
 Trade,
 For when you sh--t Rhymes, you help him to Bread:
 He'el feed on a Jest, that is broke with your Wind,
 And fatten on what you here leave behind.

*From a Boghouse at the White Hart,
 Petersfield.*

Were this Place to be view'd by a Herald of Note,
 He would find a new Charge for the next new-
 bought Coat,
 Which *Guillim* ne'er thought of, nor one of the Herd,
Viz. a Wall erect Argent, *Guttes de T—d*.
 And as a Reward, for improving the Art,
 He should bear on a Fess (if he paints it) a F---t.

Underwritten.

A Pox on your Writing, I thought you were sh---g,
 My great Cut has giv'n me such Twitches :
 Had you scribbled much more, I'm a Son of a Whore,
 If I should not have don't in my Breeches.

From the White Lyon, Bristol.

I'm witty, I'll Write,
 I'm valiant, I'll Fight,
 And take all that's said in my own Sense :
 In Liquor I'm sunk,
 And confoundedly drunk,
 So there is the Source of this Nonsense.

From the same Place.

A Wretch, whom Fortune has been pleas'd to rowl
 From the Tip-top of her enchanted Bowl,
 Sate musing on his Fate, but could not guess,
 Nor give a Reason for her Fickleness :
 Such Thoughts as these would ne'er his Brain
 perplex,
 Did he but once reflect upon her Sex :
 For how could he expect, or hope to see,
 In Woman either Truth or Constancy.

Written on the Wall of one of the Summer-Houses in Gray's-Inn Walks, under a curious Piece of Drizzling.

Come hither, Herald, view this Coat,
 'Twill bear Examination,
 'Tis ancient, and derives its Note
 From the first Pair's Creation.

The Field is *Luna*, *Mars* a Pale,
 Within an Orle of *Saturn*;
 Charg'd with two Pellets at the Tail:
 Pray take it for a Pattern.

Under-written.

I don't see your *Luna*, nor *Saturn*, nor *Mars*,
 But I see her——plain, and I see his bare A--se.

From another Place in the same Walks.

Could fairest dear *Eliza* know how much I love,
 My Story might, at least, her gen'rous Pity move;
 Her Pity's all my Hope, nor durst I more implore,
 With that I still might live, and still her Charms
 adore.

Under-written.

Poor Wretch, alas! I pity Thee with all my heart,
 Since that, it seems, alone will cure thy Love-sick
 Smart:
 For he that has not Courage further to implore,
 May surely have our Pity, but deserves no more.

*From a Bog-House at the George-Inn in
 Whitechurch.*

From costive Stools, and hide-bound Wit,
 From Bawdy Rhymes, and Hole besh--t,
 From Walls besmear'd with stinking Ordure,
 By Swine who nee'r provide Bumfodder

Libera Nos —

Upon a Pillar at the Royal-Exchange.

This City is a World that's full of Streets,
 And Death's the Market-Place where Mankind
 meets; If

If Life were Merchandize, that Men could buy,
The Rich would only live, the Poor must die.

*In the Window of a Green-House near
Tunbridge.*

Sitting on yon Bank of Grass,
With a blooming buxom Lass;
Warm with Love, and with the Day,
We to cool us went to play.
Soon the *am'rous* Fever fled,
But left a worse *Fire* in its Stead.
Alas! that *Love* should cause such Ills!
As doom to *Diet-Drink* and *Pills*.

An Encomium on a Fart.

I sing the Praises of a *Fart*.
That I may do't by Rules of *Art* :
I will invoke no *Deity*,
But *Butter'd-Pease* and *Furmitry*;
And think their Help sufficient
To fit and furnish my Intent:
For sure I must not use *high Strains*,
For fear it bluster out in *Grains*.
When *Virgil's Gnat*, and *Ovid's Flea*,
And *Homer's Frogs* strive for the Day;
There is no Reason in my Mind,
That a brave *Fart* should come behind:
Since that you may it *parallel*,
With any Thing that doth excel.
Musick is but a *Fart* that's sent
From the *Guts* of an *Instrument* :
The Scholar *farts* ; but when he gains
Learning with *cracking* of his Brains ;
And having spent much Pain and Oil,
Thomas and *Dun* to reconcile,
For to learn the abstracting *Art*,
What does he get by't? Not a *Fart*.

The Soldier makes his Foes to run
 With but the *Farting* of a Gun ;
 That's if he make the *Bullet whistle*,
 Else 'tis no better than a *Fizzle* :
 And if withal the Winds do stir-up
 Rain, 'tis but a *Fart* in Syrrup.
 They are but *Farts*, the *Words* we say,
 Words are but *Wind*, and so are they.
 Applause is but a *Fart*, the crude
Blast of the fickle *Multitude*.
 The Boats that lie the *Thames* about,
 Be but *Farts* several Docks let out.
 Some of our *Projects* were, I think,
 But politick *Farts*, *Foh ! how they stink !*
 As soon as born, they by-and-by,
Fart-like, but only breathe, and die.
Farts are as good as *Land*, for both
 We hold *in Tail*, and let them both :
 Only the Difference here is, that
Farts are let at a lower *Rate*.
 I'll say no more, for this is right,
 That for my *Guts* I cannot write ;
 Though I should study all my Days,
 Rhimes that are worth the Thing I praise :
 What I have said, take in good Part,
 If not, I do not care a *Fart*.

*Written in Chalk under the George-Inn Sign
 at Farnham.*

St. George to save a *Maid*, a *Dragon* slew,
 A gallant Action, grant the Thing be true.
 Yet some say there's no *Dragons*.——Nay, tis said,
 There's no *St. George*——Pray Heav'n there be a
Maid.

*In the Window of a fine Assembly-Room on
a vast Appearance at its Opening.*

The Novelty this Crowd invites,
'Tis strange, and therefore it delights;
For Folks Things eagerly pursue,
Not that they're good, but that they're new.
Pleasure must vary, or must cease,
We tire of Bliss, grow sick of Ease.
And if the Year we're doom'd to Play,
To Work would be a Holiday.

*Over the Gate of Redgrave Hall, on a Visit
made by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas
Bacon, then Lord Keeper.*

When great ELIZA saw at Redgrave-Hall,
The Apartments few, and those indeed but small,
Thus to its Lord, bespoke the gracious QUEEN;
Methinks for you, this Mansion is too mean.
For me, my Liege, quoth he, of old 'twas meet,
But you have made me for my House — too great.

Written by Sir Thomas Moor.

At last I've found a Haven where,
I'll ride secure from Hope or Fear.
Thy Game is, Fortune, o'er with me,
And thou to others now may'it flee
To cheat them with Inconstancy.

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*The Nature of Women: From a Summer-
House near Richmond.*

Fair and foolish, little and loud,
Long and lazy, black and proud;
Fat and merry, lean and sad,
Pale and peevish, red and bad.

The

The Nature of Men from the same.

To a Red Man read thy Read ;
To a Brown Man break thy Bread ;
At a Pale Man draw thy Knife ;
From a Black Man keep thy Wife.

*In a Chamber Window in Queen's College,
Cambridge.*

Our Bodies are like Shoes, which oft we cast,
Physick the Cöbler is, and Death the Last.

On a Tomb.

Here, in their last Bed,
The loving Alice rests with her Love Ned.

Underwritten by a Cambridge Schollar.

*Viator fiste ! ecce miraculum !
Vir & Uxor, hic non litigant.*

Which in English may stand thus.

Behold a Bed, where, without Strife,
There rests a Man, and eke his Wife.

Tom of Bedlam's Sentiments on Marriage.

One ask'd a Madman, if a Wife he had,
A Wife ! quoth he. — No ! — I'm not quite so
mad.

In the Vaults belonging to Trinity College, Cambridge, there is cut the Form of a Tobacco-Box, with this Inscription:

Pandora's Treasure.

Underneath,

Tobacco, that outlandish Weed,
It dries the Brain, and spoils the Seed;
It dulls the Spirit, it dims the Sight,
It robs a Woman of her Right.

An Epitaph on a Wicked Man's Tomb. Written by Doctor Wild the famous Non-Conformist Minister.

Beneath this Stone there lies a curst Sinner,
Doom'd to be roasted for the Devil's Dinner.

In the Vaults at Chelsea, and in an hundred other Places.

When the Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would
be,

When the Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was he.

*Sir Walter Raleigh, on the Snuff of a Candle
the Night before he died.*

Cowards fear to die, but Courage stout,
Rather than live in Snuff, will put it out.

On Marriage: In a Window at Tunbridge.

If 'tis to marry when the Knot is ty'd,
Why then they marry, who at Tyburn ride.

And

And if that Knot, 'till Death, is loos'd by none,
Why then to marry, and be hang'd's all one.

*In a Window in a Publick-House, near
Tunbridge.*

Sing High Ding a Ding,
And Ho Ding a Ding,
I'm finely brought to Bed ;
My Lord has stole that troublesome Thing,
That Folks call a Maidenhead.
Jane Hughs eighteen Years of Age.

A little below it, in the same Window.

Then sing High Ding a Ding,
And Ho Ding a Ding,
You're finely brought to Bed ;
For something you've got for that troublesome
Thing,
A Cl-p for a Maidenhead.
By my Lord's Gentleman.

Written in the first Leaf of Arbor Vitæ.

Two D---s, and a Doctor, 'tis said, wrote this Piece,
Who were modest as Whores, and witty as Geese.
They penn'd it, it seems, to shew their great Parts,
Their Skill in Burlesque, and their Knowledge in
Arts.
But what say the Town — that 't has fully de-
fected,
That Fools they are all — which had long been
suspected.

At the Red Lyon at Egham, and in the Windows at many other Places.

Cornutus call'd his Wife both Whore and Slut,
Quoth she, you'll never leave your Brawling -- but --
But, what? quoth he: Quoth she, the Post or Door;
For you have Horns to But, if I'm a Whore.

In a Window at the Pudding-House in the Road to Islington.

The End of all, and in the End
The Praise of all depends:
A Pudding merits double Praise,
Because it hath two Ends.

Underneath it.

A Pudding hath two Ends; You lye, my Brother,
For it begins at one, and ends at t'other.

On Marriage. By a Batchelor.

Wedding and Hanging, both the Fates dispatch.
Yet Hanging seems to me the better Match.

In a Window at Bath.

On a Gentleman's saying he had calculated his Son's Nativity, the Boy being then about nine Days old.

Lavinia brought to Bed, her Husband looks
To know the Bantling's Fortune in his Books.
Wiser he'd been, had he look'd backward rather,
And seen for certain, who had been its Father.

In the Vaults at Tunbridge.

Dung, when scatter'd o'er the Plain,
 Causes noble Crops of Grain :
 Dung in Gardens too we want,
 To cherish ev'ry springing Plant.
 Corn and Plants since Dung affords,
 We eat as well as sh — our T — ds.

*Written in the Window of a Lady's Chamber,
 who on a slight Indisposition sent for S. J. S.*

The Doctor more than Illness we should fear ;
 Sickness precedes, and Death attends his Coach,
 Agues to Fevers rise, if he appear,
 And Fevers grow to Plagues at his Approach.

On Miss Green.

What gives the pleasant Mead its Grace,
 What spreads at Spring Earth's smiling Face,
 What jolly Hunters chuse to wear,
 Gives Name to her whose Chains I bear.

On Miss Partridge of Ely.

That of the pretty feather'd Race,
 Which most doth courtly Tables grace,
 And o'er the Mountains bends its Flight,
 Or lucks in Fields with Harvest bright ;
 For whose Destruction Men with Care,
 The noblest Canine Breed prepare,
 Bestows a Name on that fair Maid
 Whose Eyes to Love my Heart betray'd.

On Mifs Sk— at Tunbridge.

The *Leaf* have a certain Root,
 Our Parsnip's very like unto't,
 Which eats with Butter wond'rous well,
 And like Potatoes makes a Meal:
 Now from this Root there comes a Name,
 Which own'd is by the beauteous Dame,
 Who sways the Heart of *him* who rules
 A mighty Herd of Knaves and Fools.

*A Rebus written in one of the Windows of a
 large House near Epsom.*

The Court of Love's assembled here,
 'Tis *Venus* Queen of Beauty's Sphere;
 In all her Charms she stands confest,
 And rules supreme the noblest Breast.
 Ye Shepherds would ye learn the Name
 Of her who spreads so vast a Flame,
 Know that 'tis hid from the Prophane;
 And that your strictest Search is *Vain*.

*In a Window of the Great Room at
 Scarborough.*

What strange Vicissitudes we see
 In Pleasure, as in Realms take Place
 For nothing here can constant be,
 Where springing Joys the old efface.
 The Theatre, of Yore the Field
 Of Conquests, gain'd by blooming Maids,
 Now must to modern Operas yield,
 As they, to courtly Masquerades.
 Nor better fares those sweet Retreats
 Which they in sultry Summer chose:
 Since *Scarborough*, Paradise of Sweets!
 On ruined *Bath* and *Tunbridge* rose.

Traced with a Smoke of a Candle in Newgate.

Dick, on two Words, thought to maintain him ever:
The first was *Stand*, and next to *Stand, Deliver*.
But *Dick's* in *Newgate*, and he fears shall never,
Be blest again with that sweet Word *Deliver*.

*In the Window of a Coffee-House at
Richmond.*

My *Chloe* is an Angel bright,
But *Chloe's* common — so is *Light*.
And who with *Phæbus* Fault shall find,
Because his Beams to all are kind.

On a Pannel at the Rose.

Nanny Meadows has undone me,
From myself her Charms have won me.
With Love's blazing Flames I die,
Whither, whither shall I fly!

Underneath.

Prithee, Coxcomb, without Whining,
Say thou hast a mind to Sinning
With a Guinea, do but ask her,
Love you'll find — is no hard Task, Sir,

*On a long-winded Preacher at Coventry:
From a Window there.*

Twelve Minutes, and one tedious Hour
Mills kept me once in Pain,
But if I had it my Power,
He ne'er should preach again.

A Liliputian ODE. Composed at Tunbridge.

Charming *Molly*,
 Cease your Folly,
 Learn to ease me,
 No more tease me.
 Love's but Reason
 When in Season :
 Nay, 'tis Duty,
 Youth and Beauty
 To improve
 In happy Love.
 Therefore, *Molly*,
 Cease your Folly,
 And instead of being coy,
 Give, O give your Lover Joy!

The Fair Lady's Answer. In the same Measure.

Rhiming *Billy*,
 Soft and filly,
 Are the Verses,
 Muse rehearses,
 When with straining
 You're obtaining
 Her Assistance
 'Gainst Resistance,
 Made by Mistress
 To your Distress.
 Therefore early
 Quit them fairly,
 If you'd be rid of Woe,
 Prithee, Prithee, Coxcomb, do.

The Clowns and the Conjuror. By a Lady.

A Clown, who had lost his Mare,
 To his Neighbour, a Wit, did repair,
 And begg'd him with him to go
 To the famous Doctor *Foreknow*,
 A Conjuror powerful and strong,
 Who would tell who had done the Wrong.
 So when to the Door they came,
 The Wit, he besh-t the same :
 Then knocking — the Doctor appears,
 And in Midst of his Passion he swears,
 If he knew but the nasty Dog
 Who had sh-t at his Gate like a Rogue,
 He'd do to him Lord knows what.
 Quoth the Wit -- why know you not that ?
 Then, Neighbour, e'en save your Pence,
 For his Learning is all a Pretence :
 If he knows not who sh-t — of course,
 He nothing can know of your Horse.
 And no Light can his Figures afford,
 Whose Conjuring's not worth a F —
 So as wise our two Clowns came Home,
 As any who on such Errands roam,

On a Pannel at the Faulcon in St. Neot's
Huntingdonshire.

My Maidenhead sold for a Guinea,
 A lac'd Head with the Money I bought ;
 In which I look'd so bonny,
 The Heart of a Gamester I caught :
 A while he was fond, and brought Gold to my
 Box,
 But at last he robb'd me, and left me the
 P——

Underneath.

When you balance Accounts, it sure may be said,
You at a bad Market sold your Maidenhead.

The Inamorato. In a Window at Twickenham.

When dull and melancholy,
I rove to charming *Delly*,
Whose Sweetness doth so charm me,
And wanton Tricks so warm me,
That quite dissolv'd in Love,
No Trouble then I prove,
But am as truly blest
Upon her panting Breast,
As if to me she brought
All for which *Cæsar* fought :
For I, like *Anthony*,
With Beauty would be free,
Altho' again't shou'd cost
The Price of Empire lost.

An Answer. In the next Pane.

You sure were full of Folly,
When in the Praise of *Delly*,
You wrote your am'rous Ditty,
Which sure deserves her Pity,
Since plainly it doth prove,
Your Brain is crack'd with Love ;
Who else would talk of giving
An Empire for a —
When Twenty will down
Each for a Silver Crown,
And thank you when they've done

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In a Window. At Lebeck's-Head.

If it be true each Promise is a Debt,
Then *Celia* hardly will her Freedom get ;
Yet she, to satisfy her Debts, desires
To yield her Body as the Law requires.

In the Summer-House on Gray's-Inn Terras.

Who speaks to please in ev'ry Way,
And not himself offend,
He may begin to work to Day,
But Heaven knows when he'll end.

In the same Place.

Dogs on their Masters fawn and leap,
And wag their Tails apace,
So tho' a Flatterer wants a Tail,
His Tongue supplies its Place.

*In a Window of the Rene-Deer-Inn at
Bishop's-Strafford.*

He that loves a Glafs without a G,
Leave out L, and that is he.

*Wrote with a Pencil on a Pannel in one of
the Courts of Justice in Guild-Hall.*

To go to Law
I have no Maw,
Altho' my Suit be sure,
For I may lack
Cloaths to my Back,
E'er I that Suit procure,

*At the Tuns in Cambridge. Written with a
Pencil on the Wall.*

Marriage in Days of old has liken'd been
Unto a publick Feast, or Revel Rout,
Where those who are without would fain get in,
And those who are within would fain get out.

*On two old Maids : Written with a Pencil
in the Pump Room at Bath.*

Why are *Doll's* Teeth so white, and *Susan's* black?
The Reason soon is known.
Doll buys her Teeth which she doth lack,
But *Susan* wears her own.

*In a Window, at the Rose-Tavern in Catherine-
Street.*

On Mrs. C — P —

So early *Con* began the wanton Trade,
She scarce remembers when she was a Maid.

*In the Window of a Sharper's Chambers in
the Temple.*

Oft with an Oath has *Cog the Gamester* said,
That no Disease should make him keep his Bed,
Urg'd for a Reason, I have heard him tell it,
To keep my Word — in Troth I mean to sell it.

In a Bog-House at Putney.

The Poor have little, Beggars none,
The Rich too much, enough, not one.

Written

*Written at the Request of a Lady who on
her Wedding-Day entreated an old Lover
to write something upon her in the Win-
dow.*

This glittering Diamond, and this worthless Glas,
Celia, display thy Virtue and thy Face;
Bright as the Brilliant while thy Beauty shows
Ev'n Glas itself's less brittle than thy Vows.

The Italian Gout.

If a Man lets a Fart in fair *Italy*,
From Lovers he never is after free;
For why ---- amongst those Dons, 'tis said,
'Tis a certain Sign of a Male Maidenhead.

*In a Window of a certain Lady of Pleasure's
Lodgings in Bow-Street.*

When with *Phillis* toying,
Eager for enjoying,
What Muse can say
How sweet our Play,
What Numbers tell
The Joys we feel?
Happy Lovers only know
Bliss unmix'd with any Woe.

The Ambitious when rais'd to the Summit of Power,
In the Midst of their Joy fear that Fortune may
lower;

The Miser, who Thousands has heap'd in his Chest,
In the Midst of Riches is never at rest.

And the Heroe, whose Bosom his Glory still warms,
In the Midst of his Conquests fears the Change of
his Arms.

But

But the Lover, whose Fondness his Hours doth
employ,
In the Midst of her Charms knows no End of his
Joy.

Then quit Hopes of rising,
And Riches despising,
Leave the Camp and the Court
For Love's pleasing Sport ;
By Experience you'll know,
Love's Pleasures still flow,
Un-embitter'd with Care, and untingur'd with }
Woe.

In a Window at Parson's-Green.

The Lover's Retreat.

From meaner Pleasure I retire,
Yet real Happiness pursue ;
Friendship and Love my Breast inspire,
And I have met them both in you,

Whatever in my Wish had Place,
In thee, my lovely Fair, I find ;
All that's beauteous in thy Face,
And all that's virtuous in thy Mind.

Written by Mr. — in Chloe's Bed-Chamber.

Wou'd you know the true Road that to Pleasure
doth lead,
Then this Way, ye Swains, your Footsteps must
tread.
And then for the Piece which this Pleasure doth cost,
Why, 'tis only a Guinea, you can't think it lost.
Since Supper and Lodging, and Mistress and all,
Nay, and Maid, if you like her, are ready at Call.

The Thief and the Doctor.

A Thief a Parson stopp'd on the Highway,
 And having bid him stand, next bid him pay.
 The Parson drew his Sword, for well he durst,
 And quickly put his Foe unto the Worst.
 Sir, (quoth the Thief) I by your Habit see,
 You are a Churchman, and Debate should flee,
 You know 'tis written in the sacred Word,
Jesus to Peter said, Put up thy Sword :
 True, (quoth the Parson,) but withal then hear,
 St. Peter first had cut off *Mahus's* Ear.

*Pasquin against P. S. Quintus, when he for-
 bid the Bawdy-Houses at Rome, in Queen
 Elizabeth's Time.*

*Lex prohibet Pueros, prohibet Lupanaria Sixtus ;
 Ergo quid agendum ? Sit tibi amica manus.*

The Cure of Love.

Love is, as some Physicians say,
 A Fever bred by too high Feeding :
 To cure it then the speediest Way,
 Would be by Purging, and by Bleeding.

*Written in the Window of the Bar of the
 White-Swan-Tavern of the City of Nor-
 wich.*

MECCMIXIXX.

— — — — —	<i>firmissima vina,</i>
— — — — —	<i>reponite mensis,</i>
— — — — —	<i>& pocula porcite dextris.</i>

In the Bog-House of the same Tavern.

Six Pennyworth of Whiting,
A Hole to let Light in,
Will make it fit to sh-te in.

}

Underneath.

By what's above, I welly ween,
The Fool wants Light to sh-t him clean.

*In a Bog-House in St. Michael's Parish in
Norwich.*

Tim Kirby, Peter Harrod, and Will Hall,
Are three fit Pieces for a Bog-House Wall.

Underneath. By another.

But Old Nick has got them all.

Written in a Bog-House at Ipswich.

Si desit stramen, cum digito terge Feramen.

In English. By another.

If you cannot get some Grass,
With your Finger wipe your A--se

And

And under that, by another.

Such wretched *Latin*, and such wretched Verse,
Are proper *Stremina* to clean my A--fe.

*In a Window at Mount Ephraim, near
Tunbridge :*

A Dialogue between a Lover and a Poet.

Lov. What is bright *Celia* like, Dear Poet, say ?

Poet. Why *Celia*, Sir, is like a Summer's Day.

Lov. Who to a Day could liken such a Woman ?

Poet. Is she not very *fair*, and very *common* ?

*Written with a Pencil in the Vault at
Chelsea College.*

Who scribbles on the Wall when he's at sh--,
May sure be said to have a Flux of Wit.

In the Vaults at Tunbridge.

Like Claret-Drinkers Stools, a Blockhead's Brain;
Hardly conceives what it brings forth with Pain.
Such is my Case — who, while I'm thus inditing,
Prove the Analogy 'twixt it and Sh——.

Written on the Window of a Coffee-House.

Underneath, Coffee, Tea, &c.

The Mistress by her Window's represented,
For why, 'tis brittle Ware, and painted.

*On a Butcher's marrying a Tanner's Daughter
at Reading.*

A fitter Match there never could have been,
Since here the *Flesh* is wedded to the *Skin*.

At Tunbridge.

Chloe is fair as *Fields* in Autumn seen,
Her Temper gentle as the purling *Stream* :
That's true ; but then with those the rest conspire,
Lighter she is than *Air*, and hot as *Fire*.

*In Mrs. Cowser's Window ; in Russel-Street,
Covent-Garden.*

Love, 'tis said, his Arrows shooting,
Wounds is ever distributing ;
But before I felt, I knew not,
That in Poison dipp'd they flew hot.

To *Jenny* I owe
That this Secret I know,
For her I felt Smart
At first in my Heart ;

Which quickly she cur'd : But alack and alas !
I now feel a Throbbing in a much lower Place.
To *Jenny* I went ; but, alas ! it was in vain :
Though she gave me the Wound, she can't cure me
again. Ah

An Epitaph on an old Maid.

Beneath this Place there lies an ancient Maid,
 Whose secret Parts no Man did e'er invade;
 Scarce her own Finger she'd permit to touch
 That Virgin Part, altho' it itched much.
 And in her last expiring dying Groans,
 Desir'd no Tomb, if it was built with Stones.

The Effects of Love.

Love is the sweetest softest Passion,
 That can warm the human Soul;
 'Tis a gentle Inclination
 Which doth ev'ry Care controul:

Thro' our Bosom Love diffusing,
 Tender Thoughts is ever choosing;
 Softest Words its Flame expressing,
 Towards the Dame our Heart possessing.

Love still gentle makes and easy,
 Soft in ev'ry Thing we do;
 Bent on all Things that may please ye,
 Men are Angels when they Woo.

This was wrote somewhere ; and means something, if you can find it out.

A Beauty like her's whose Charms I now sing,
 Ne'er sparkled in vain in the Box or the Ring;
 No Youth of Distinction who gaz'd on her Eyes,
 E'er retir'd, but he left her his Heart as her Prize.
 Vain are all their Endeavours, for still the coy Maid,
 At the Mention of Marriage, look'd strangely afraid.
 Nor e'er thought of yeilding — until not long
 since
 Eluding dull Ties — she was join'd to a P —

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